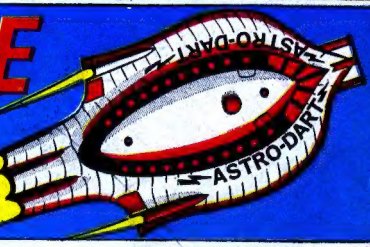
IT'S TERRIFIC

© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1967

A POWER COMIC

No. 3. 29 APRIL 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

IT'S FREE INSIDE THE ASTRO-DART



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

THE SUB-MARINER STARRING IN

'A PRINCE THERE WAS!'

PLUS...

THE AVENGERS AND DOCTOR STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS

PRINCE NAMOR, The SUB-MARINER!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

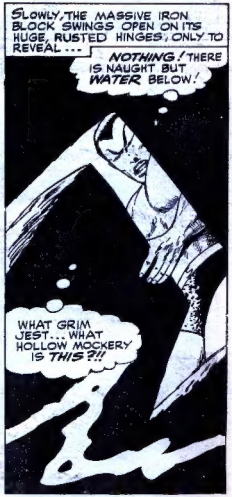
MY STRENGTH CANNOT HOPE TO EQUAL HIS... BUT, BY SHIFTING MY WEIGHT, AND APPLYING LEVERAGE WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT...
...I CAN USE HIS OWN POWER AGAINST HIM, EVEN AS THE WEAKER SURFACE MEN DO WITH THEIR PRIMITIVE JUDO COMBAT TECHNIQUES!
I DID IT! I'M FREE! BUT FOR HOW LONG?
I STILL DARE NOT LEAVE UNTIL I HAVE FOUND THE SECOND CLUE TO NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO AVOID THE SEAWEED CREATURE'S DEATH GRIP....!
MOVING WITH THE SPEED AND EASE OF A KILLER SHARK, THE MASTER OF THE WATERY REALM SWIMS AROUND HIS GIGANTIC FOE IN EVER-WIDENING CIRCLES, CAUSING A WHIRLPOOL TO FORM, A WHIRLPOOL GREATER THAN ANY EVER BEFORE SEEN BY MORTAL EYES...!
THIS WILL CONFUSE HIM... STAGGER HIM FOR A MOMENT OR TWO! IF I DO NOT FIND WHAT I SEEK WITHIN THAT TIME, THEN SURELY THE QUEST WILL BE LOST... AND MY LIFE AS WELL!

NOW! THE WHIRLPOOL HAS REACHED MAXIMUM INTENSITY... AND MY OWN NATURAL STRENGTH HAS RETURNED WITH EACH ADDITIONAL STROKE!
THE SEAWEED MONSTER HAD BOASTED THAT I COULD ONLY FIND MY CLUE BY DEFEATING HIM! * THIS I HAVE DONE--- IF ONLY FOR AN INSTANT!
AND YET, THERE IS STILL NO SIGN... NO TRACE... NO HINT OF A CLUE THAT I CAN SEE!
* AS SO UNFORGETTABLY DEPICTED IN TERRIFIC 2. . . ED.

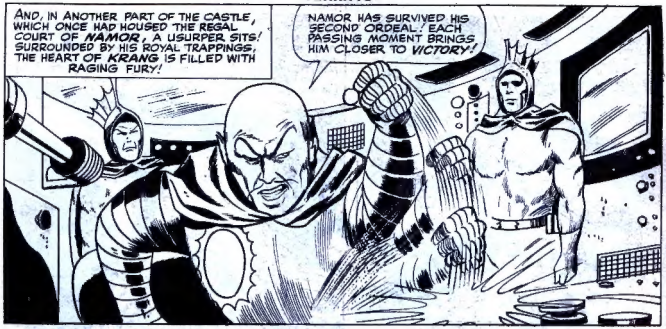
BUT THEN AS THE SWIRLING IRRESISTIBLE CURRENTS SWEEP THE SEAWEED GOLIATH AWAY, NAMOR SEES WHAT HE HAS BEEN SEEKING---DIRECTLY UNDER THE SPOT ON WHICH HIS FOE HAD STOOD---!
AN IRON DOOR, WITH THE MARK OF NEPTUNE! THAT IS WHY THE SEAWEED CREATURE HAD TO BE VANQUISHED FIRST!

EVERY SECOND IS VITAL! I MUST SEE WHAT IS BENEATH BEFORE I AM AGAIN ATTACKED!

THIS IS NO ORDINARY DOOR! ONLY A TRUE SUB-MARINER COULD POSSESS THE STRENGTH TO LIFT IT!


SLOWLY, THE MASSIVE IRON BLOCK SWINGS OPEN ON ITS HUGE, RUSTED HINGES, ONLY TO REVEAL ---
NOTHING! THERE IS NAUGHT BUT WATER BELOW!
WHAT GRIM JEST... WHAT HOLLOW MOCKERY IS THIS?!!

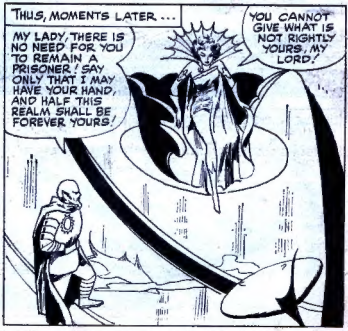
AND YET... THE WORD OF NEPTUNE IS TRULY THE SPOKEN LAW... AS ETERNAL, AS UNCHANGING, AS THE AGELESS SEAS THEMSELVES! THERE MUST BE... WAIT!
SOMETHING APPROACHES FROM THE INFERNAL DEEPS...
BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF THINE EYES, GALLANT ONE! THE CLUE YOU SEEK IS BEFORE YOU... SPARKLING IN THE MOUTH OF THE HUMBLEST OF MY UNDERSEA SUBJECTS...
THE AWESOME VOICE OF MY LORD NEPTUNE! AND, THERE BEFORE ME... A SYMBOLIC DIAMOND, WHOSE BRILLIANCE TELLS ME THAT WHICH I MUST KNOW...
AT THE FARTHEST CORNER OF MY REALM, THE FORBIDDEN DIAMONDS OF DOOM HAVE EXISTED SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME... FEARED AND SHUNNED BY ALL WHO INHABIT THE SILENT WORLD!
IT IS THERE I MUST VENTURE... TO FACE WHATEVER DEADLY DANGER MAY AWAIT ME! SO SPAKE NEPTUNE!
WHILE, IN A GUARDED CHAMBER IN IMPERIAL ATLANTIS, THE LADY DORMA SITS... AS MUCH A PRISONER OF HER TORTURED THOUGHTS AS SHE IS OF HER MERCILESS CAPTOR... KRANG!
IT IS I WHO HAVE BETRAYED THE PRINCE OF MY HEART! IF NAMOR DIES... IT IS I WHO AM THE MURDERER!
IT MATTERS NOT THAT I DID IT IN THE NAME OF LOVE! THE GUILT AND THE SORROW... ARE MINE!


AND, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE, WHICH ONCE HAD HOUSED THE REGAL COURT OF NAMOR, A USURPER SITS! SURROUNDED BY HIS ROYAL TRAPPINGS, THE HEART OF KRANG IS FILLED WITH RAGING FURY!
NAMOR HAS SURVIVED HIS SECOND ORDEAL! EACH PASSING MOMENT BRINGS HIM CLOSER TO VICTORY!

BUT, I MUST NOT PANIC! SO LONG AS WE CAN SECRETLY OBSERVE HIS PROGRESS BY MEANS OF MY HIDDEN UNDER-SEA SCANNERS, I WILL FIND ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE OUT AT HIM!
FOR ALL THE RESOURCES OF ATLANTIS ARE NOW MINE! I SHALL NEVER SURRENDER THE THRONE TO THE ACCURSED SUB-MARINER!

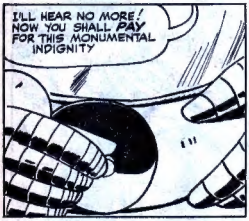
BUT, THE TIME HAS COME TO DWELL ON PLEASANTER MATTERS! MY LADY DORMA MUST YET BECOME MY QUEEN!

SHE IS TRULY BELOVED BY THE PEOPLE! WITH HER BESIDE ME ON THE THRONE, NONE WOULD EVER CHALLENGE MY REIGN!
WHILE HER MATCHLESS BEAUTY WOULD BE THE GREATEST PRIZE THAT KING OR COMMONER COULD EVER HOPE TO POSSESS!


THUS, MOMENTS LATER...
MY LADY, THERE IS NO NEED FOR YOU TO REMAIN A PRISONER! SAY ONLY THAT I MAY HAVE YOUR HAND, AND HALF THIS REALM SHALL BE FOREVER YOURS!
YOU CANNOT GIVE WHAT IS NOT RIGHTLY YOURS, MY LORD!

HAVE A CARE, MY HAUGHTY ONE! THOUGH YOUR BEAUTY ENSLAVES ME, I AM STILL THE KING! AND MY ROYAL PATIENCE IS NOT WITHOUT LIMIT.
NOW SPEAK, LADY! AND I CAUTION YOU...CHOOSE YOUR WORDS WITH CARE, LEST THEY BE YOUR LAST!

YOU DARE CALL YOURSELF KING?!! YOU ARE BUT KING OF VILLAINY, OF TREACHERY AND DECEIT! THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS WILL NEVER BE TRULY YOURS WHILST NAMOR LIVES...AND LIVE HE SHALL, IF JUSTICE STILL BE SACRED!


I'LL HEAR NO MORE! NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS MONUMENTAL INDIGNITY

I OFFERED YOU A MONARCH'S THRONE! BUT, YOU HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE..!

WHOM THE KING CANNOT CONQUER, THE KING SHALL DESTROY! SUCH IS THE WILL OF KRANG!
NAMOR...MY LOVED ONE..I HAVE FAILED YOU IN THE PAST... BUT I SHALL FAIL YOU NO MORE! WHATEVER FATE BEFALLS ME NOW, I SHALL ENDURE IT WITHOUT COMPLAINT...WITHOUT SURRENDER---I SHALL DIE LIKE A QUEEN---FOR, I HAVE TRULY WORSHIPPED A KING!

SUDDENLY, THE MYSTIC HAZE BEGINS TO FADE INTO NOTHINGNESS... AS, IN ITS PLACE, A THIN, TRANSPARENT, PLASTIC CAGE SLOWLY... INEXORABLY... FORMS AROUND THE NOW HELPLESS FIGURE OF THE CAPTIVE NOBLEWOMAN!
THE VAPOURS OF GAS WERE NOT DEADLY... BUT, YOU HAVE IMPRISONED ME WITHIN A PLASTIC CAGE! YET, IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT! FOR I SHALL NEVER CONSENT TO BE YOUR BRIDE!
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, MY LADY! NEVER IS A LONG TIME... AND MY RESOURCES ARE VIRTUALLY LIMITLESS!

CITIZENS OF ATLANTIS!! ATTEND THE WORDS OF YOUR MONARCH, HIS MAJESTY KRANG!

BEHOLD THE FATE WHICH BEFALLS ANY WHO INCUR THE KING'S DISPLEASURE! FOR HER WILFUL DISOBEDIENCE, THE LADY DORMA IS HEREBY BANISHED FOREVER TO THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD OF THE FACELESS ONES!

THE FACELESS ONES!! BETTER HE HAD PUT ME TO DEATH BEFORE MY EARS COULD HEAR THOSE DREADED WORDS!

MINUTES LATER, THEIR EXPRESSIONLESS FACES BETRAYING NONE OF THE DREAD APPREHENSION WHICH THEY FEEL IN THEIR HEARTS, TWO OF KRANG'S PALACE GUARDS BRING LADY DORMA TO THE BASE OF AN UNDERSEA MOUNTAIN, ON THE OUTER PERIMETER OF NORTHERN ATLANTIS. AND THEN---

WE BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, MY LADY---

BUT WE DARE NOT DEFY THE WILL OF KRANG, UNDER PAIN OF INSTANT DEATH!

LEAVE US, ATLANTANS! RETURN TO YOUR MASTER. I SHALL DISPATCH THE FEMALE!

THAT VOICE! IT IS EVIL. ZANTOR, HE WHO SERVES THE FACELESS ONES!

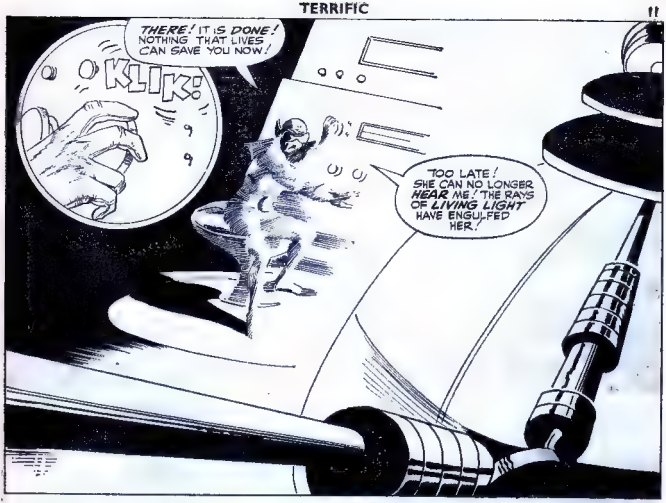
AND THEN, THE SLOWLY MOVING PLASTIC CAGE COMES TO A HALT DEEP WITHIN A SHADOWY, AGELESS CAVE ---THE CAVE WHEREIN DWELLS ZANTOR, THE MERCILESS!

SOONER OR LATER, ALL WHO DISPLEASE KRANG MUST COME BEFORE ME! BUT YOU, MY LADY... YOU ARE THE FAIREST OF ALL MY VICTIMS!

STAY THY TONGUE, EVIL ONE! THE VERY SIGHT AND SOUND OF YOU IS OFFENSIVE TO MY EYES!

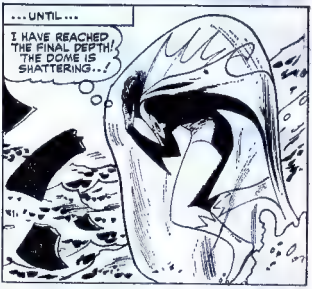
SO! YOU REMAIN A NOBLE-WOMAN TO THE END, DO YOU?

WELL, MY LADY, SEE WHAT YOUR PRIDE AVAILS YOU NOW---NOW THAT I LOWER THE DOME OF DOOM...

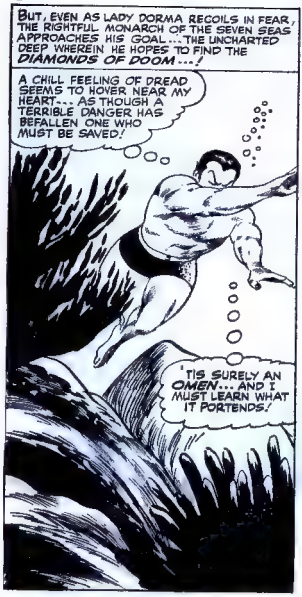

THERE! IT IS DONE! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN SAVE YOU NOW!
KLIK!
TOO LATE! SHE CAN NO LONGER HEAR ME! THE RAYS OF LIVING LIGHT HAVE ENGULFED HER!

NOW SHE BELONGS TO... THE FACELESS ONES!

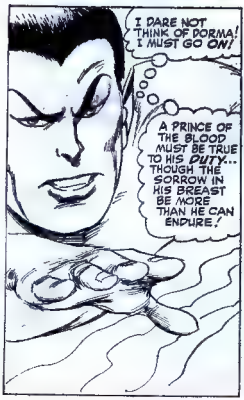
AND, EVEN AS ZANTOR MOUTHS THOSE WORDS, THE MYSTERIOUS DOME PLUMMETS EVER DOWNWARD TO ITS FEARFUL DESTINATION...


...UNTIL...
I HAVE REACHED THE FINAL DEPTH! THE DOME IS SHATTERING...!

AND THERE THEY WAIT... AS THEY HAVE WAITED FOR AGES...
...THE FACELESS ONES!


BUT, EVEN AS LADY DORMA RECOILS IN FEAR, THE RIGHTFUL MONARCH OF THE SEVEN SEAS APPROACHES HIS GOAL... THE UNCHARTED DEEP WHEREIN HE HOPES TO FIND THE DIAMONDS OF DOOM...!
A CHILL FEELING OF DREAD SEEMS TO HOVER NEAR MY HEART... AS THOUGH A TERRIBLE DANGER HAS BEFALLEN ONE WHO MUST BE SAVED!
'TIS SURELY AN OMEN... AND I MUST LEARN WHAT IT PORTENDS!

THEN, USING HIS NATURAL COMMAND OVER ALL WHO INHABIT THE WATERY DEPTHS, NAMOR OBTAINS A MENTAL MESSAGE FROM A PASSING SCHOOL OF FISH... PISCATORIAL NEWS-GATHERERS OF THE UNDERSEA WORLD...
IT IS LADY DORMA! KRANG HAS BANISHED HER TO THE FACELESS ONES! ONLY I CAN SAVE HER FROM THE FATE WHICH MUST FOLLOW!
BUT I DARE NOT TURN FROM MY QUEST... FOR TO DO SO, WOULD MEAN TO FORFEIT THE PRIZE!
... AND, IF I LOSE... THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL BE DEVOURED IN THE FLAMING HOLOCAUST OF BATTLE!


I DARE NOT THINK OF DORMA! I MUST GO ON!
A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD MUST BE TRUE TO HIS DUTY... THOUGH THE SORROW IN HIS BREAST BE MORE THAN HE CAN ENDURE!

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, A SUDDEN, DAZZLING RADIANCE IN THE WATER AHEAD DRIVES EVERY OTHER THOUGHT FROM THE SUB-MARINER'S MIND, AS HE REALIZES HE HAS FOUND...
THE DIAMONDS OF DOOM! ONLY THEY COULD TURN THE MURKY OCEAN BOTTOM INTO A SPARKLING, BRILLIANT KALEIDOSCOPE OF LIGHT!

BUT WHY ARE THEY CALLED DIAMONDS OF *DOOM*?? THEIR BEAUTY IS BEYOND BELIEF! SURELY, NOTHING SO LOVELY COULD... UHHHH!

MY SENSES REEL!! MY LIMBS GROW WEAK! I FEEL THE STRENGTH BEING SAPPED FROM MY BODY, JUST AS WATER IS SQUEEZED FROM A LIFELESS SPONGE!

IT IS THE *GEMS*! NOW I KNOW THE *DANGER* HERE... BUT I HAVE LEARNED IT... TOO LATE!

THEIR VERY RADIANCE SAPS THE LIFE FORCE FROM A LIVING BEING... AS IT IS SAPPING *MINE*...!

IF I REMAIN HERE, I PERISH! AND YET... I CANNOT TURN BACK...!

NO LONGER CAN I *STAND*... THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER IS *HELPLESS*...!

THIS *CANNOT* BE THE WAY IT SHALL END! NOT FOR *THIS* WAS I BORN A *PRINCE*! AND YET... THE DARKNESS IS STEALING OVER MY BRAIN... THE SHADOWS BEGIN TO ENGULF ME...!

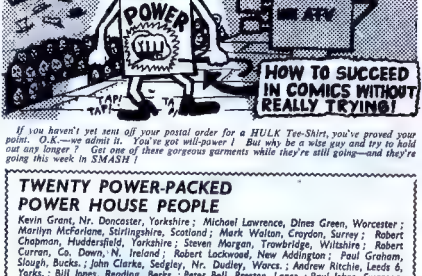
THE LEGENDS OF ATLANTIS ARE MANY, AND NO MAN CAN KNOW WHERE THEY BEGIN, OR WHERE THEY END! BUT *THIS* WE DO KNOW... THE GREATEST OF ALL WILL BE PRESENTED NEXT WEEK, AND WE SHALL THRILL TO IT TOGETHER! *IMPERIUS REX!*

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT POWER COMICS THESE DAYS! Following all the other publicity spotlights that have been be-dazzling us, a recent issue of the *Sunday Citizen* had a lot to say about the word of Power—and they even decorated their centre pages with some artwork borrowed from our Power Comics! And that isn't all! The *Evening Standard* also gave Power Comics a mention. Hoo Boy! The message is clear—the whole wide world is starting to sit up and realise that this is the age of Power!

It's Terrific! That's what your letters say about TERRIFIC—the NEW-est, TRUE-est, YOU-est addition to the ranks of POWER COMICS! And remember, this week's issue is EXTRA-TERRIFIC—the extra being the FREE ASTRO-DART that flies through the air with such zip that it has all the birds (and it's the winged birds we mean!) green with envy.

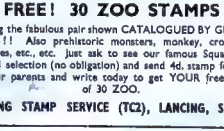


If you haven't yet sent off your postal order for a HULK Tee-Shirt, you've proved your point. O.K.—we admit it. You've got will-power! But why be a wise guy and try to hold out any longer? Get one of these gorgeous garments while they're still going—and they're going this week in SMASH!

TWENTY POWER-PACKED POWER HOUSE PEOPLE

Kevin Grant, Nr. Doncaster, Yorkshire; Michael Lawrence, Dines Green, Worcester; Marilyn McFarlane, Stirlingshire, Scotland; Mark Walton, Croydon, Surrey; Robert Chapman, Huddersfield, Yorkshire; Steven Morgan, Trowbridge, Wiltshire; Robert Curran, Co. Down, N. Ireland; Robert Lockwood, New Addington; Paul Graham, Slough, Bucks.; John Clarke, Sedgley, Nr. Dudley, Worcs.; Andrew Ritchie, Leeds 6, Yorks.; Bill Jones, Reading, Berks.; Peter Bell, Preston, Lancs.; Paul Johns, Swansea, Glamorgan; Jane Leigh, Stanmore, Middx.; Anthony Morris, London, N.W.11; Raymond Chipman, Manchester 22; Jeff Kent, Plymouth, Devon; Russell Owles, Gillingham, Kent; Marie D'Amico, Edinburgh 9, Scotland.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT



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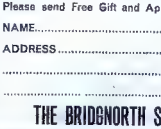

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3. Must a stamp have "perforations" to be genuine? .....
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TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

THERE'S a kind of hush as we pen this; the world waits, breathless, for the dazzling debut of the first **TERRIFIC**. So none of you have had the chance to write to us here. Meanwhile here are some letters sent to our stable-mates in the Power Pack...

Dear POW, SMASH, WHAM etc.,
While I was reading POW, SMASH, FANTASTIC and WHAM (all at the same time), I noticed how many advertisements you printed in your comics. Why do you waste all that space? *IF YOU LOT* in the Power Comic Organisation cut out all the advertisements in the Power Comics and put them into the bin, you would have more room to print letters (including my letter, I hope)! Now for a request, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, start another Power Comic. Then I can spend *EVERY SINGLE PENNY* ON POWER COMICS! Now I'll have to say GOOD POW, sorry, I mean GOOD-BYE.

Richard Evans, 11,
Harrow, Mddx.

You work it out, Pal—which would you rather have: the odd Ad or an extra threepence or so on the price of every paper in the Power Pack!? As for your request—granted . . . and here's a pound to put in that empty pocket!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am not very energetic, well, that is, I was, till your great comics were published. I am suffering from:
POWERMANIA,
WHAM DISEASE,
THE DREADED SMASH PLAGUE.
Every Monday morning, my Hulkish brain ticking and whirring with THING-MANIA, I receive my Power Mags. Oh, I also have SPIDERMANIA.

Clifford Hardwick, 10,
Riddings, Derbyshire.

What fevers, fella—and your temperature must be about to hit boiling point now that TERRIFICITUS is sweeping the country! Run up the yellow flag, lad—those complaints are all highly contagious!!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart.
How could you do such a thing, to me of all people, a faithful reader of POW! You committed the most atrocious crime, a BOOB. It may not be your fault but it was still a BOOB. There I was, eating my IRISH STEW, when I discovered it. Stunned, I swallowed a bone, eeyuck! On the cover of POW No. 6 you show Spidey held hand and foot and Dr. Octopus with the control panel of his metal arms strapped to his chest, yet in POW No. 5 you said that the arms were stuck on to his body and inside POW No. 6 you don't see the control panel. How come? Despite this error I still LUV Spidey! Pub-fleze give him more space!
P.S. Will you have Superman in POW, SMASH, WHAM or FANTASTIC?

John McCann, 14,
Limerick, Ireland.

To err is human, John, to BOOB—that's super-human . . . so who needs Superman!!??

Astro-Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
O.K., you guys—you asked for it! How long did you think the Scots would tolerate your flagrant abuse of everything and everyone Scottish?
Surely people with enough sense to realise that Britain's comic readers deserved something special after Brand X's years of mediocre offerings should know that the only people in the world to say "Och aye, the noo," are Englishmen looking for laughs at the expense of their "Auld Enemy." Surely you are not too dumb or stubborn to realise that that joke is played out and that all sane Britons know there is more to Scotland than haggis, porridge, kilts and Bonnie Prince Charlie.
Maybe you dislike Scots. O.K.—we're all entitled to our views—but please don't make your prejudices public.
You were inviting the wrath of all Scots when you started *Wee Willie Haggis* but I'm sure most of us ignored that weekly error and proceeded to feed on your other fantabulous features.
Alas, now I see that this hackneyed theme has penetrated to your other previously paramount pages: namely *Dare-A-Day Davy* and *The Group*.
Maybe you think that your readers lap up this drivel. Well, if you're confident, print this letter and see their reactions. Or else admit to your profound prejudice. As I may have hinted, this aspect mars an otherwise *Powerful* presentation!

Lesley Rae, 15,
Aberdeen, Scotland.

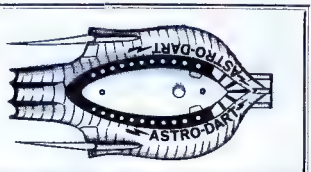
Hang on to your kilt, Lesley, but those "Wee Willie Haggis" scripts drip from the pen of a Celt who hails from fair Dundee!!

Alf and Bart

Now that you've savoured the elegant prose of the frantic-ones immortalized, help yourselves to a pound by despatching a letter to the garret.

HERE'S THE ASTRO-DART!!

Tony Stark (alias you-know-who) designed this fantastic weapon especially for TERRIFIC's frantic fellowing.



DIRECTIONS

Hold the Launcher between the finger and thumb of your left hand over the forepart of Launcher (over FREE). Hold the ASTRO-DART between the finger and thumb of your right hand at the tail-end. Engage the loop of elastic over the top front of the Launcher at the point of the arrow. Tilt slightly, pull back the dart and release it smartly. The length of flight will improve with practice. Do not fly it it is windy or wet. If there's a slight breeze, fly the dart with the wind.

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

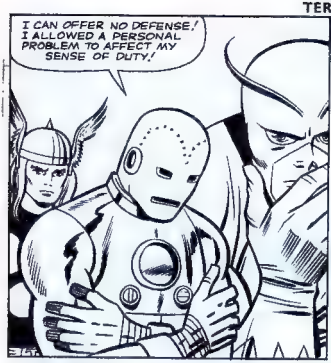
"THEIR DARKEST HOUR!"

FEATURING: THE COMBINED MENACE OF... THE EXQUISITE ENCHANTRESS THE EVIL EXECUTIONER and THE DIABOLICAL DR. ZEMO

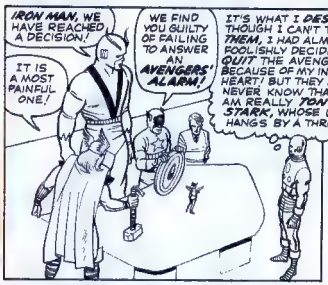
AT A SPECIAL BOARD OF INQUIRY SESSION, THE AVENGERS MEET TO CONSIDER A MOST SERIOUS CHARGE BROUGHT AGAINST ONE OF THEIR OWN MEMBERS!!

AMONG THOSE PRESENT WE FIND: THOR GIANT-MAN and the WASP CAPTAIN AMERICA and RICK JONES AND, THE ACCUSED IRON MAN!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964


I CAN OFFER NO DEFENSE! I ALLOWED A PERSONAL PROBLEM TO AFFECT MY SENSE OF DUTY!

WE ARE PLEDGED NOT TO PRY INTO EACH OTHER'S PERSONAL LIVES! YET, IF THERE IS SOMETHING WE CAN DO--
NO! THERE IS NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO!
BUT, GOSH, IRON MAN-- IF YOU WON'T TELL THEM, HOW CAN THE AVENGERS HELP?
TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW, RICK! THOR AND GIANT-MAN ARE READY FOR THE VOTE!


IRON MAN, WE HAVE REACHED A DECISION!
IT IS A MOST PAINFUL ONE!
WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF FAILING TO ANSWER AN AVENGERS' ALARM!
IT'S WHAT I DESERVE! THOUGH I CAN'T TELL THEM, I HAD ALMOST FOOLISHLY DECIDED TO QUIT THE AVENGERS BECAUSE OF MY INJURED HEART! BUT THEY MUST NEVER KNOW THAT I AM REALLY TONY STARK, WHOSE LIFE HANGS BY A THREAD!

YOU TELL HIM THE SENTENCE, THOR!
YOU ARE HEREBY FROM ALL SUSPENDED AVENGERS' ACTIVITY AND DUTIES FOR A PERIOD OF ONE WEEK! YOU MAY GO NOW!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AN UNIMAGINABLE DISTANCE AWAY IN THE FABLED KINGDOM OF ASGARD, HOME OF THE LEGENDARY NORSE GODS, A SIMILAR SCENE IS TAKING PLACE, AS ODIN, LORD OF ASGARD, THUNDERS--
I BANISH YOU BOTH FROM THIS REALM!
YOU ARE SENTENCED TO SPEND YOUR EXILE UPON THE PLANET EARTH!

MY LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON THE EXECUTIONER AND ME!!
QUIET, ENCHANTRESS! WE ARE LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH OUR LIVES FOR ATTACKING HIS SON, THOR, NOT LONG AGO!

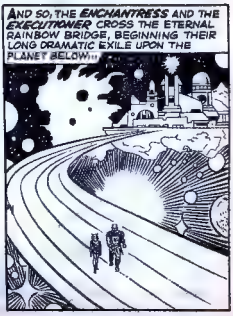
LET THE WEAPON AND THE HELMET OF THE EXECUTIONER BE STRIPPED FROM HIM!

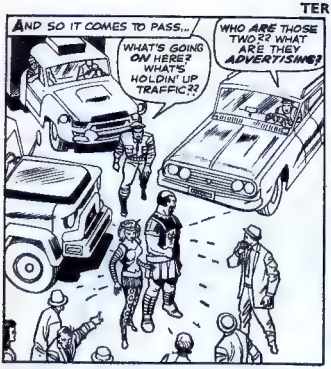
AND NOW, SEND THEM BOTH ACROSS THE RAINBOW BRIDGE TO EARTH! ODIN HAS SPOKEN!

AT LEAST ON *EARTH* I'LL BE NEAR THE HANDSOME *THOR* AGAIN! AND THEN, WHO KNOWS--??

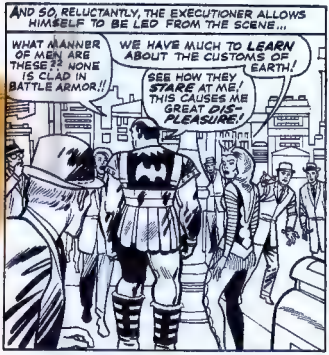
BAH! AMONG THE WEAK MORTALS OF EARTH, WHAT NEED HAVE I OF MY HELMET OR AXE?! MY POWER WILL BE *SUPREME!* PERHAPS THERE I CAN MANAGE TO FINALLY WIN THE HEART OF THE BEAUTIFUL *ENCHANTRESS!*

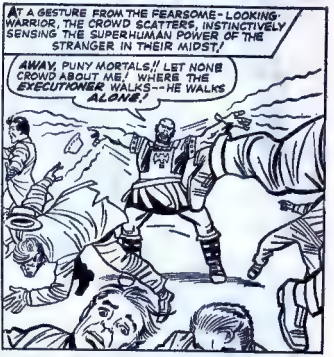
AND SO, IN A CEREMONY OF INCREDIBLE POMP AND PAGEANTRY, THE EVIL *EXECUTIONER* IS DIVESTED OF HIS AWESOME SYMBOLIC AXE AND HIS ALMOST IMPREGNABLE HELMET, WHILE THE EXQUISITE *ENCHANTRESS* ALLOWS HER THOUGHTS TO TURN TO THE MIGHTY THUNDER GOD WHOM SHE HAS LOVED FOR AGES! BUT, THERE IS *ANOTHER* WHO WATCHES THE SCENE, WITH GREAT *RELIEF* WELLING UP IN HIS SCHEMING HEART...

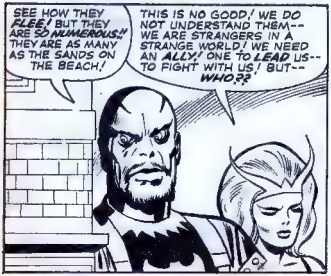


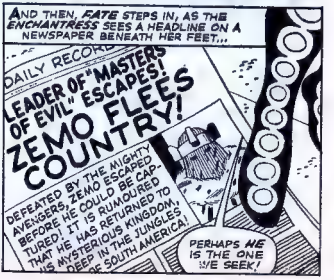

AND SO IT COMES TO PASS...
WHO ARE THOSE TWO?? WHAT ARE THEY ADVERTISING?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S HOLDIN' UP TRAFFIC??

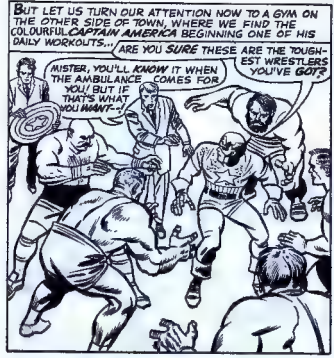
LOOK, YOU! HOW YOU AND YOUR LADY FRIEND DRESS IN PUBLIC IS YOUR BUSINESS SO LONG AS YOU DON'T BREAK THE LAW! BUT WHEN YOU START INTERFERING WITH THE TRAFFIC AROUND HERE--!
YOU DARE SPEAK THUS TO ME??!
QUIET, YOU FOOL! HE IS A GUARDIAN OF THE LAW! IT IS NECESSARY TO OBEY HIM!


AND SO, RELUCTANTLY, THE EXECUTIONER ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE LED FROM THE SCENE...
WHAT MANNER OF MEN ARE THESE?? NONE IS CLAD IN BATTLE ARMOR!!
WE HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THE CUSTOMS OF EARTH!
SEE HOW THEY STARE AT ME! THIS CAUSES ME GREAT DIS-PLEASURE!

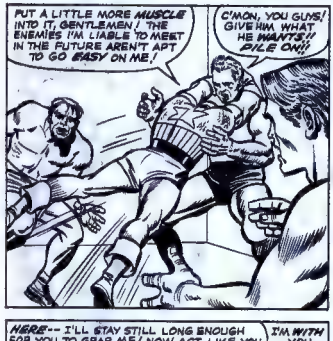

AT A GESTURE FROM THE FEARSOME-LOOKING WARRIOR, THE CROWD SCATTERS, INSTINCTIVELY SENSING THE SUPERHUMAN POWER OF THE STRANGER IN THEIR MIDST!
AWAY, PUNY MORTALS!! LET NONE CROWD ABOUT ME! WHERE THE EXECUTIONER WALKS--HE WALKS ALONE!


SEE HOW THEY RUSH! BUT THEY ARE SO NUMEROUS!! THEY ARE AS MANY AS THE SANDS ON THE BEACH!
THIS IS NO GOOD! WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEM-- WE ARE STRANGERS IN A STRANGE WORLD! WE NEED AN ALLY! ONE TO LEAD US-- TO FIGHT WITH US! BUT-- WHO??

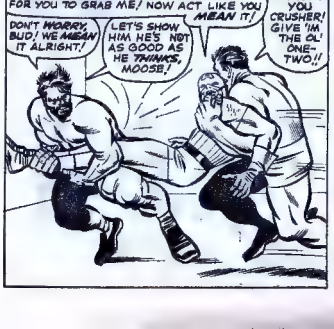

AND THEN, FATE STEPS IN, AS THE ENCHANTRESS SEES A HEADLINE ON A NEWSPAPER BENEATH HER FEET...
DAILY RECORD
LEADER OF "MASTERS OF EVIL" ESCAPES!
ZEMO FLEES COUNTRY!
DEFEATED BY THE MIGHTY AVENGERS, ZEMO ESCAPED BEFORE HE COULD BE CAPTURED. IT IS RUMOURED TO BE THAT HE HAS RETURNED TO HIS MYSTERIOUS KINGDOM, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA!
PERHAPS HE IS THE ONE WE SEEK!

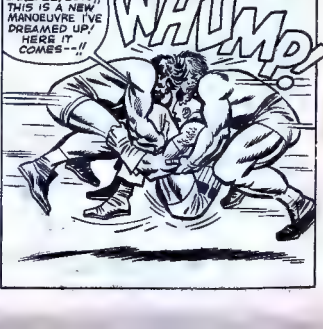

BUT LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION NOW TO A GYM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, WHERE WE FIND THE COLOURFUL CAPTAIN AMERICA BEGINNING ONE OF HIS DAILY WORKOUTS...
ARE YOU SURE THESE ARE THE TOUGHEST WRESTLERS YOU'VE GOT?
MISTER, YOU'LL KNOW IT WHEN THE AMBULANCE COMES FOR YOU! BUT IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT--!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! I'M PAYING FOR THIS, SO GIVE ME MY MONEY'S WORTH! LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!
C'MON, CRUSHER! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH FAST! HE'LL BE A PUSHOV--
OOOOF!


PUT A LITTLE MORE MUSCLE INTO IT, GENTLEMEN! THE ENEMIES I'M LIABLE TO MEET IN THE FUTURE AREN'T APT TO GO EASY ON ME!
C'MON, YOU GUYS! GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS! PILE ON!!

HEY! WHERE'D HE GO??
LOOK OUT!
WHAT'S HAPPENING??
HE'S LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING!


HERE-- I'LL STAY STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO GRAB ME! NOW ACT LIKE YOU MEAN IT!
I'M WITH YOU CRUSHER! GIVE 'IM THE OL' ONE-TWO!!
DON'T WORRY, BUD! WE MEAN IT ALRIGHT!
LET'S SHOW HIM HE'S NOT AS GOOD AS HE THINKS, MOOSE!


CAREFUL, BOYS!! THIS IS A NEW MANOEUVRE I'VE DREAMED UP! HERE IT COMES--!!
WHUMP!

MINUTES LATER...
THANKS, FELLAS! SAME TIME TOMORROW??
YOU KIDDING ?? IF WE WANT ANY MORE ACTION, WE'LL GET IT IN THE RING-- WHERE IT'S SAFE!

LATER, AS THE INDOMITABLE ADVENTURER RETURNS TO HIS QUARTERS WITH HIS YOUNG FRIEND, RICK JONES...
ALL MY TRAINING--ALL MY SKILL--AND STILL I WAS UNABLE TO SAVE BUCKY YEARS AGO!*
SAY, CAP--LOOK WHAT I JUST FOUND TUCKED AWAY IN ONE OF THE CUPBOARDS!
*SEE TERRIFIC 1.. EDITOR.

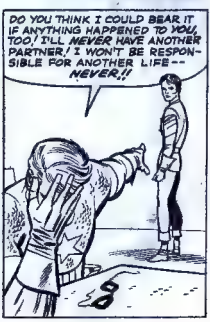
ISN'T THIS THE OUTFIT YOUR EX-PARTNER BUCKY USED TO WEAR?? LOOK HOW IT FITS ME! ANYONE WOULD THINK I'M YOUR PARTNER!

CAP! WHAT'S WRONG?? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY??

TAKE IT OFF!! I NEVER TOLD YOU TO WEAR IT!!

BUT, CAP--WHAT'S THE MATTER?! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING--!
GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE GONNA GET ANGRY!! ALL I DID WAS--!!
I SAID TAKE IT OFF!!

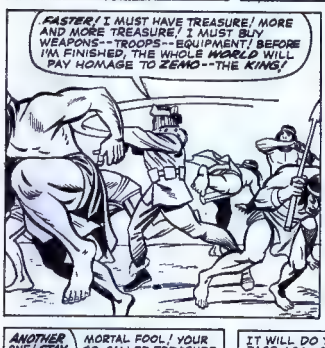
DON'T EVER CALL YOURSELF MY PARTNER AGAIN! I LOST MY PARTNER!! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR LETTING IT HAPPEN!! AND I'LL NEVER LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!!


DO YOU THINK I COULD BEAR IT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, TOO! I'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER PARTNER! I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANOTHER LIFE-- NEVER!!

IT WAS ZEMO WHO CAUSED BUCKY'S DEATH! I'LL NEVER REST TILL I'VE FOUND HIM-- DO YOU HEAR?! ZEMO WILL PAY FOR WHAT HE'S DONE!

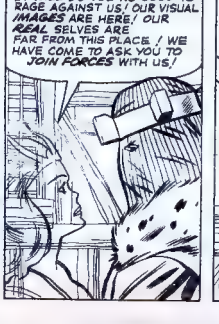
AND, EVEN AS THE VENGEFUL CAPTAIN AMERICA SPEAKS, THE MAN HE'S REFERRING TO SITS ON A CRUDE THRONE, DEEP IN THE WILDS OF A SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE WHERE HE REIGNS AS UNDISPUTED RULER...
FROM THIS DAY ON, I'M RAISING THE TAXES YOU MUST COLLECT FOR ME!

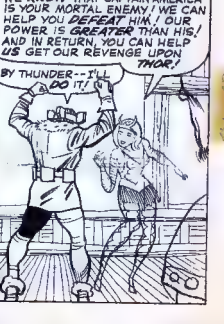
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU WORTHLESS FOOLS!! GO TO THE TRIBES-- START COLLECTING MY TRIBUTE! THAT IS ZEMO'S COMMAND!!

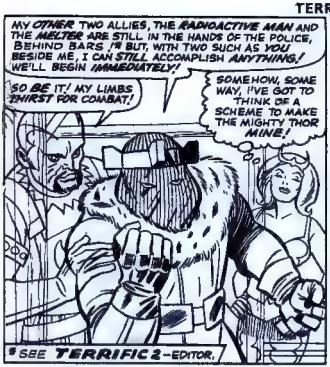

FASTER! I MUST HAVE TREASURE! MORE AND MORE TREASURE! I MUST BUY WEAPONS--TROOPS--EQUIPMENT! BEFORE I'M FINISHED, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL PAY HOMAGE TO ZEMO--THE KING!

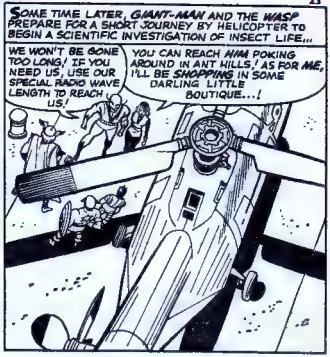
AND THEN, AS THE EVIL TYRANT EXAMINES THE WEALTH IN HIS TREASURE ROOM...
ZEMO! YOU ARE THE ONE WE SEEK!
WHA--? WHO ARE YOU?? HOW DID YOU GET HERE??
SHE IS THE ENCHANTRESS!! AND I-- THE EXECUTIONER!!

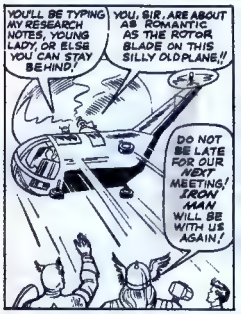
ANOTHER ONE! STAY BACK! NO ONE CAN HAVE MY TREASURE!!
MORTAL FOOL! YOUR SO-CALLED TREASURE IS MEANINGLESS TO US!

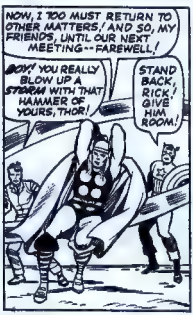

IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO RAGE AGAINST US! OUR VISUAL IMAGES ARE HERE! OUR REAL SELVES ARE FAR FROM THIS PLACE! WE HAVE COME TO ASK YOU TO JOIN FORCES WITH US!


WE KNOW THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS YOUR MORTAL ENEMY! WE CAN HELP YOU DEFEAT HIM! OUR POWER IS GREATER THAN HIS! AND IN RETURN, YOU CAN HELP US GET OUR REVENGE UPON THOR!
BY THUNDER--I'LL DO IT!

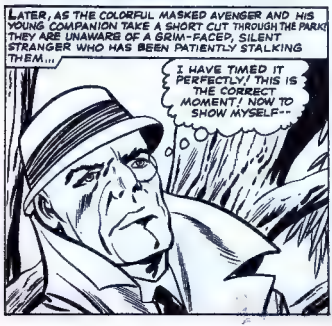

MY OTHER TWO ALLIES, THE RADIOACTIVE MAN AND THE MEISTER ARE STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE, BEHIND BARS.* BUT, WITH TWO SUCH AS YOU BESIDE ME, I CAN STILL ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING! WE'LL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY!
SO BE IT! MY LIMBS THIRST FOR COMBAT!
SOMEHOW, SOME WAY, I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A SCHEME TO MAKE THE MIGHTY THOR MINE!
* SEE TERRIFIC 2—EDITOR.


SOME TIME LATER, GIANT-MAN AND THE WASP PREPARE FOR A SHORT JOURNEY BY HELICOPTER TO BEGIN A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF INSECT LIFE...
WE WON'T BE GONE TOO LONG, IF YOU NEED US, USE OUR SPECIAL RADIO WAVE LENGTH TO REACH US!
YOU CAN REACH HIM POKING AROUND IN ANT HILLS! AS FOR ME, I'LL BE SHOPPING IN SOME DARLING LITTLE BOUTIQUE...!


YOU'LL BE TYPING MY RESEARCH NOTES, YOUNG LADY, OR ELSE YOU CAN STAY BEHIND!
YOU, SIR, ARE ABOUT AS ROMANTIC AS THE ROTOR BLADE ON THIS SILLY OLD PLANE!!
DO NOT BE LATE FOR OUR NEXT MEETING! GIANT-MAN WILL BE WITH US AGAIN!


NOW, I TOO MUST RETURN TO OTHER MATTERS! AND SO, MY FRIENDS, UNTIL OUR NEXT MEETING--FAREWELL!
BOY! YOU REALLY BLOW UP A STORM WITH THAT HAMMER OF YOURS, THOR!
STAND BACK, RICK! GIVE HIM ROOM!

LOOKS LIKE SOME GUYS'LL DO ANYTHING TO SAVE A PLANE FARE--- RIGHT, CAP?
WE MUSTN'T JOKE ABOUT SUCH A MAN! WE'RE PRIVILEGED TO CALL HIM FRIEND!


LATER, AS THE COLORFUL MASKED AVENGER AND HIS YOUNG COMPANION TAKE A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE PARK! THEY ARE UNAWARE OF A GRIM-FACED, SILENT STRANGER WHO HAS BEEN PATIENTLY STALKING THEM...
I HAVE TIMED IT PERFECTLY! THIS IS THE CORRECT MOMENT! NOW TO SHOW MYSELF--

I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS IN THAT THICKET!
USUALLY I CAN HEAR THE SLIGHTEST FOOT-FALL! IT TAKES A VERY SPECIAL PERSON TO CATCH ME BY SURPRISE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU! IT IS A MOST IMPORTANT MATTER!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM HANS GRUBERVELT, FORMERLY SECOND IN COMMAND TO THE INFAMOUS DR. ZEMO!
ANYONE WHO WAS ASSOCIATED WITH ZEMO IS AN ENEMY OF MINE! THAT MAKES YOU AN EX-NAZI CRIMINAL, TOO!
CLICK!

WAIT! YOU MUST NOT LOSE YOUR TEMPER! I HAVE COME TO REPENT --TO UNDO SOME OF THE HARM I DID IN THE PAST!
EASY, CAP! YOU CAN'T JUST GO AROUND FIGHTING GUYS BECAUSE THEY USED TO BE NAZIS!

HE'S MORE THAN JUST AN EX-NAZI! HE'S MY ONE CHANCE TO FIND ZEMO AGAIN! WHERE IS HE HIDING? TALK!!
THAT'S WHY I HAVE SEARCHED FOR YOU! TO TELL YOU--THE EVIL ZEMO HAS CARVED A SMALL EMPIRE IN AN UNCHARTED AREA OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE! I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO FIND IT--!

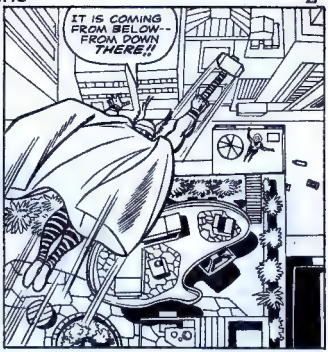
SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF HANS GRUBERVELT HAS FINISHED TALKING...
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW! NOTHING CAN SAVE ZEMO FROM ME NOW!
CAP--WAIT!

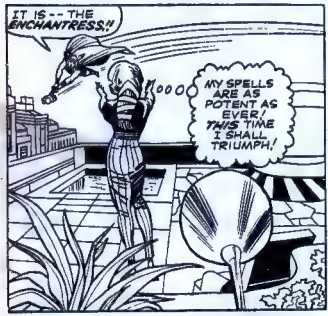
YOU REMAIN HERE, RICK, AT AVENGERS' HEADQUARTERS CONTROL CENTRAL! WHAT I MUST DO NOW, I MUST DO ALONE!
IT WORKED! AND SO THE TRAP IS SPRUNG!

THE ONE CALLED GIANT-MAN WILL BE AWAY FOR DAYS! IRON MAN, TOO, HAS LEFT THE SCENE! AND I HAVE LURED CAPTAIN AMERICA TO A FAR DISTANT LAND!

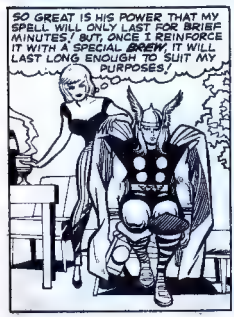
THAT MEANS ONLY THOR REMAINS! NOW HE WILL HAVE TO FACE THE ENCHANTRESS--AND THE EXECUTIONER --ALONE!

LATER...
THOR THOR
WHAT IS THAT STRANGELY HAUNTING CALL I HEAR??


IT IS COMING FROM BELOW-- FROM DOWN THERE!!


IT IS -- THE ENCHANTRESS!!
MY SPELLS ARE AS POTENT AS EVER! THIS TIME I SHALL TRIUMPH!

THEN, BEFORE THE MIGHTY THUNDER GOD CAN SHIELD HIMSELF...
YOUR WILL IS MY WILL!! I AM YOUR MASTER! YOU MUST OBEY THE ENCHANTRESS!!

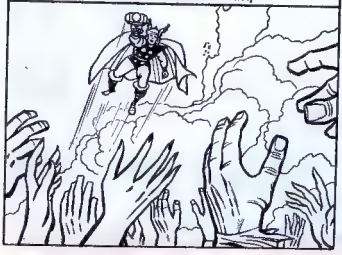

SO GREAT IS HIS POWER THAT MY SPELL WILL ONLY LAST FOR BRIEF MINUTES! BUT, ONCE I REINFORCE IT WITH A SPECIAL BREW IT WILL LAST LONG ENOUGH TO SUIT MY PURPOSES!

DRINK, HANDSOME ONE! DRINK DEEP, NOBLE THOR!
I'VE DONE IT! THE REST IS CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME!

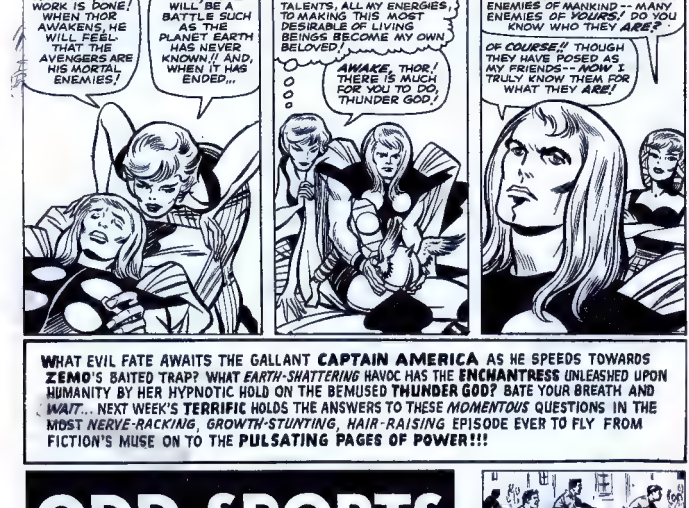
AND, WITH THE AVENGERS SAFELY GONE, THERE WILL BE NONE TO INTER-FERE--NONE TO HELP HIM UNTIL MY SPELL IS COMPLETE!

IN THE TIME THAT FOLLOWS, THE EXQUISITE *ENCHANTRESS*, AIDED BY THE EFFECTS OF HER POWERFUL POTION, WEAVES ONE OF THE STRANGEST SPELLS EVER RECORDED AS SHE CONJURES UP IMAGES OF THE *AVENGERS* FOR THE CAPTIVE *THOR*--IMAGES WHICH MAKE HIM SEE THEM AS EVIL, DANGEROUS MENACES!!

THEN, SHE CAUSES HIM TO SEE HIMSELF AS THE ONLY AVENGING HERO CAPABLE OF HALTING THE THREAT OF THE AVENGERS!! HE THINKS OF HIMSELF AS MANKIND'S LAST HOPE IN BATTLING THE MIGHTY SUPER-TEAM!

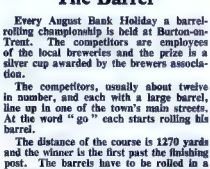


OVER AND OVER THE IMAGE IS REPEATED--GROWING STRONGER EACH TIME--UNTIL IT IS VIRTUALLY BRANDED INTO THE THUNDER GOD'S SUBCONSCIOUS--UNTIL HE FEELS HE MUST SAVE HUMANITY BY BATTLING THE ATTACKING AVENGERS!



WHAT EVIL FATE AWAITS THE GALLANT **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AS HE SPEEDS TOWARDS **ZEMO**'S BAITED TRAP? WHAT *EARTH-SHATTERING* HAVOC HAS THE **ENCHANTRESS** UNLEASHED UPON HUMANITY BY HER HYPNOTIC HOLD ON THE BEMUSED **THUNDER GOD?** BATE YOUR BREATH AND *WAIT*... NEXT WEEK'S **TERRIFIC** HOLDS THE ANSWERS TO THESE *MOMENTOUS* QUESTIONS IN THE MOST *NERVE-RACKING, GROWTH-STUNTING, HAIR-RAISING* EPISODE EVER TO FLY FROM FICTION'S MUSE ON TO THE **PULSATING PAGES OF POWER!!!**

ODD SPORTS



RACING GOLDFISH!

GOLDFISH racing is one of the latest sports to become popular in America, where races are held regularly and watched by crowds of excited fans.

The race course consists usually of 12-ft. long glass tubes about six inches in diameter, rather like those used for strip-lighting, and filled with water. At one end of each of the tubes is a kind of trapdoor shutting off a compartment containing a goldfish.

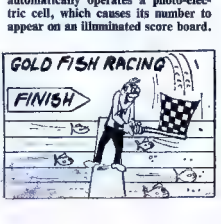
Outside each tube and running its full length is a wire from which is suspended a small model of a shark. A second wire is attached to each "shark" and ends in a small drum and handle rather like that of an ordinary fishing rod.

The *off* is started by the *clerk of the course* pulling a lever which opens the trapdoors, so releasing the goldfish and leaving each free to swim the length of its tube.

Each goldfish has its human *jockey* who then starts turning the handle which pulls a model shark along its wire outside the tube. The goldfish see the model shark and think that they are being chased by a hungry fish.

So the goldfish swim as fast as they can along their tubes and the first to pass the finishing line wins the race!

There is no argument as to which fish wins. The first past the post automatically operates a photo-electric cell, which causes its number to appear on an illuminated score board.



Rolling Out The Barrel

Every August Bank Holiday a barrel-rolling championship is held at Burton-on-Trent. The competitors are employees of the local breweries and the prize is a silver cup awarded by the brewers association.

The competitors, usually about twelve in number, and each with a large barrel, line up in one of the town's main streets. At the word "go" each starts rolling his barrel.

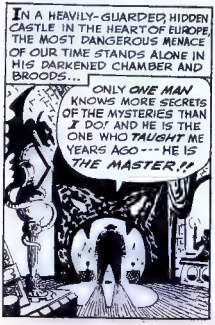
The distance of the course is 1270 yards and the winner is the first past the finishing post. The barrels have to be rolled in a straight line and each competitor must keep at least one hand on his barrel. So it is quite useless for anyone to just give his barrel a good push and then hope for the best.

Any competitor whose barrel touches the kerb is given a penalty of three seconds off his time. If a competitor has both hands off his barrel he is disqualified, and the same thing happens to a competitor whose barrel hits that of another competitor during the race.

The record for the course is five minutes. But on that occasion the competitors were helped by a strong following wind!

DR. STRANGE MASTER OF--- THE MYSTIC ARTS

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1963



LATER, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, IN THE MASTER'S STUDY, SOMEWHERE IN INDIA...
AHH, GOOD! HE IS TOO DEEP IN THOUGHT TO SENSE MY PRESENCE!

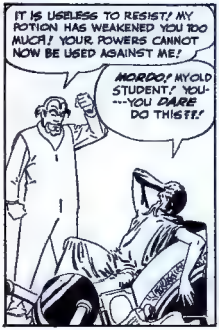
MY SPIRIT IMAGE IS FREE TO ROAM ABOUT UNTIL I CAN FIND ---AHH, THE ONE I SEEK ---HIS SERVANT, PREPARING THE MASTER'S MEAL!

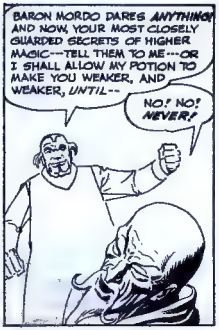
HE IS POWERLESS TO RESIST MY MENTAL COMMANDS! HE MUST OBEY THE ORDERS OF BARON MORDO!

I-MUST-PREPARE-POWERFUL-POTION--PUT-IN-MASTER'S -FOOD---
I CANNOT FAIL! I SHALL ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE! VICTORY OVER THE MASTER!

MINUTES LATER...
SO! IT IS DONE!

I HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! MY FOOD WAS TAMPERED WITH!
TOO LATE, MASTER! BARON MORDO HAS BEATEN YOU!


IT IS USELESS TO RESIST! MY POTION HAS WEAKENED YOU TOO MUCH! YOUR POWERS CANNOT NOW BE USED AGAINST ME!
MORDO! MY OLD STUDENT! YOU---YOU DARE DO THIS??!


BARON MORDO DARES ANYTHING! AND NOW, YOUR MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRETS OF HIGHER MAGIC---TELL THEM TO ME---OR I SHALL ALLOW MY POTION TO MAKE YOU WEAKER, AND WEAKER, UNTIL--
NO! NO! NEVER!

YOU MUST! UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY, MY POTION WILL DRAIN AWAY ALL YOUR STRENGTH ---YOUR VERY LIFE ITSELF! SPEAK!---WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!
NEVER...

BUT, SOMEWHERE ON EARTH THERE IS ANOTHER WHO IS AS MIGHTY AS MORDO! AND, IN A HEAVILY DRAPED ROOM IN HIS MANSION WE FIND --- THE OMNIPOTENT DR. STRANGE!
I HAVE COMPLETED MY LATEST MYSTICAL EXPERIMENT! IT IS TIME FOR ME TO CONTACT THE MASTER AND TELL HIM THE RESULTS!
THAT IS ODD! THERE IS NO RESPONSE FROM THE ENCHANTED AMULET! IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING--- THE MASTER IS IN TERRIBLE JEOPARDY!
DEEPLY CONCERNED OVER THE MASTER'S SAFETY, DR. STRANGE ENTERS A TRANCE IMMEDIATELY AS HIS SPIRIT IMAGE STREAKS FOR INDIA --- WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT!
AND SO...
BARON MORDO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!
YOU!! THIS TIME YOU ARE TOO LATE, STRANGE! I SHALL DEFEAT YOU, TOO!
NO LONGER ARE WE THE MASTER'S OBEDIENT STUDENTS! NOW WE POSSESS THE OCCULT POWERS OURSELVES -- AND I HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY YOU!
FOR YEARS I HAVE TRIED TO WARN HIM ABOUT YOU! I ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU WOULD USE YOUR POWER FOR EVIL! BUT YOU SHALL NEVER TRIUMPH OVER ME!
WITHOUT THE MASTER TO HELP YOU, I AM YOUR SUPERIOR... AS YOU SHALL NOW LEARN --- AND YOU SHALL PAY FOR THE LESSON --- WITH YOUR LIFE!
THE MASTER HAD HOPED WE WOULD BOTH FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS, DOING GOOD FOR MANKIND! WHAT CHANGED YOU, MORDO?
BAH! YOU ARE A WEAKLING! WHY WOULD YOU HELP MEN, WHEN YOU MIGHT RULE THEM!
THIS IS WHY THE SECRETS OF MAGIC HAVE BEEN SO CLOSELY GUARDED THROUGH THE AGES! BECAUSE IN THE WRONG HANDS, THEY COULD MENACE ALL MANKIND!
ONCE I HAVE CONQUERED YOUR SPIRIT IMAGE, YOUR ACTUAL BODY WILL PERISH, TOO! THEN THE WORLD WILL BE MINE!
NEVER! NEVER WHILE A BREATH REMAINS WITHIN ME!

AND, AS THE TWO SPIRIT FORMS BATTLE WITH INHUMAN INTENSITY, THE AGED *MASTER* MANAGES TO MUTTER ONE SYLLABLE... OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

AM... AMM...

HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING! BUT WHAT? *WHAT???*

WAIT! OF COURSE--- THE *AMULET* !!!

I CAN TRANSMIT PURE ENERGY THROUGH THE AMULET! IT--IT WILL WEAKEN ME, BUT IT MAY SAVE THE *MASTER!*

I MUST CONCENTRATE--- INWARD --- THE POWER OF MY THOUGHT MUST FLOW THROUGH THE ALL-SEEING EYE...

AND THEN, SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, THE MAGIC EYE OPENS, AS A WAVE OF PURE ENERGY SHINES FORTH...

BATHING THE *MASTER* IN ITS LIFE-GIVING GLOW.

AHH... I FEEL THE STRENGTH RETURNING TO MY BRAIN--- --- TO MY LIMBS--

THE STRAIN WAS TOO GREAT! MY POWER IS SAPPED--- I-I'VE GROWN WEAK--

CURSE YOU, *STRANGE!* YOU HAVE SAVED THE *MASTER!*" BUT YOU HAVE FORFEITED YOUR *OWN* LIFE! FOR NOW, WEAK AS YOU ARE, YOU CANNOT RESIST ME!

HOLD ON *STRANGE!* JUST A LITTLE LONGER...

SUMMONING ALL HIS REMAINING STRENGTH IN ONE LAST, DESPERATE MOVE, *DR. STRANGE* MANAGES TO CATCH *BARON MORDO* UNAWARES, AND HURL HIS TRANCE FORM AWAY...

YOUR FINAL EFFORTS TO SURVIVE WILL NOT HELP YOU! I *STILL* HOLD ALL THE CARDS!

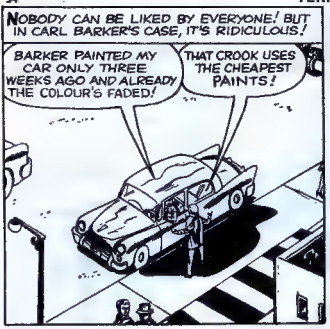
NOT SO, MORDO! THERE *IS* A WAY...

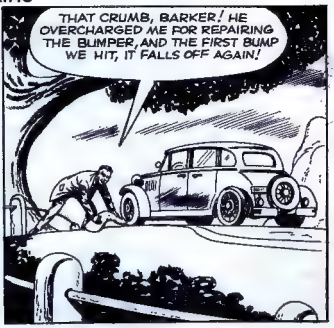
MY ENCHANTED AMULET CAN TRANSMIT ITS ENERGY TO WHEREVER YOUR MORTAL BODY MAY BE! I SHALL *FIND* IT--- AND PREVENT YOU FROM EVER RETURNING TO IT AGAIN!

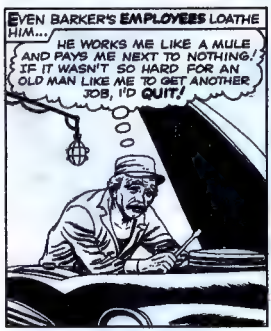
NEVER!! I AM *STRONGER* THAN YOU--- STRONGER THAN YOUR AMULET! I SHALL REACH IT FIRST!

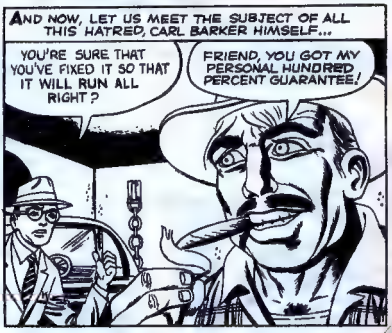
UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES, THE TWO MIGHTY SPIRIT IMAGES RACE THROUGH TIME AND SPACE...
...BUT, BARON MORDO REACHES HIS GOAL JUST SECONDS AHEAD OF HIS WEAKENED FOE!
I HAVE BEATEN YOU! I AM IN CONTROL OF MY MORTAL FORM! YOU CANNOT HARM IT NOW! BUT YOU---YOU ARE AT MY MERCY!
MY PHYSICAL FORM IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE TRANCE IMAGE! YOU CAN NOT ESCAPE ME NOW!
I DO NOT DESIRE TO ESCAPE YOU!
YOU MEAN YOU SURRENDER, STRANGE!?
JUST THE OPPOSITE, MORDO! I HAVE WON!! THE MASTER IS SAFE!
YOU BLUNDERED INTO MY TRAP! MY AMULET DID NOT HAVE THE POWER TO LEAD ME HERE! BUT YOU DID, IN YOUR PANIC! NOW, WITH YOU IN YOUR MORTAL FORM, YOUR HYPNOTIC CONTROL OVER THE MASTER'S SERVANT IS ENDED!
EVEN NOW, THE MASTER IS BEING CARED FOR BY HIS SERVANT! HIS FULL STRENGTH IS RETURNED! AND THE POWER OF MY AMULET WILL HOLD YOU MOTIONLESS, SO, UNTIL I CAN BE SAFELY GONE!
BAH! THIS IS BUT A TEMPORARY VICTORY FOR YOU, STRANGE! I'LL NEVER REST TILL I HAVE DESTROYED YOU! YOU AND THE MASTER!
AND, ONCE AGAIN, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTER...
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, STRANGE! HOW IRONIC THAT OF BOTH MY PUPILS, ONLY ONE FULFILLED HIS PROMISE, WHILE THE OTHER--- BARON MORDO, THREATENS US SO LONG AS HE LIVES!
IT MAY NOT BE MUCH LONGER, MASTER--- FOR I FEEL THAT DEATH WAITS FOR ONE OF US-- THE ONE WHO LOSES THE NEXT ENCOUNTER!
THE MYSTIC ARTS OF MAGIC ARE OLDER THAN THE MEMORY OF MAN! IN TIME TO COME, LET US PEER BEHIND THE ENCHANTED VEIL TOGETHER!
MORE OF THE OCCULT ADVENTURES OF DR. STRANGE WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S TERRIFIC...

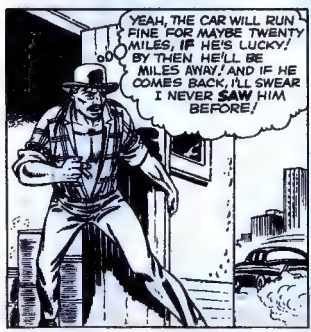
BARKER'S GARAGE!
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO MAKE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF YOUR LIFE, THEN JUST ASK CARL BARKER!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

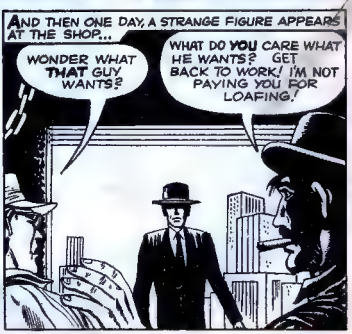

NOBODY CAN BE LIKED BY EVERYONE! BUT IN CARL BARKER'S CASE, IT'S RIDICULOUS!
BARKER PAINTED MY CAR ONLY THREE WEEKS AGO AND ALREADY THE COLOUR'S FADED!
THAT CROOK USES THE CHEAPEST PAINTS!

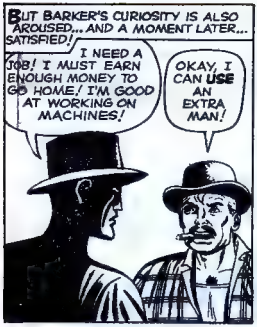

THAT CRUMB, BARKER! HE OVERCHARGED ME FOR REPAIRING THE BUMPER, AND THE FIRST BUMP WE HIT, IT FALLS OFF AGAIN!

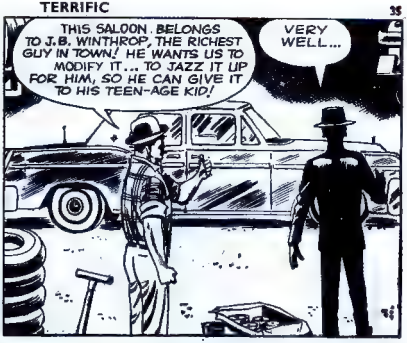

EVEN BARKER'S EMPLOYEES LOATHE HIM...
HE WORKS ME LIKE A MULE AND PAYS ME NEXT TO NOTHING! IF IT WASN'T SO HARD FOR AN OLD MAN LIKE ME TO GET ANOTHER JOB, I'D QUIT!

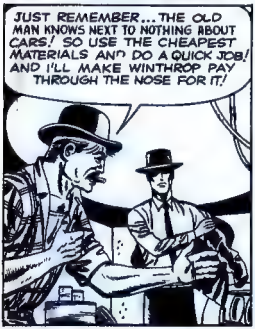

AND NOW, LET US MEET THE SUBJECT OF ALL THIS HATRED, CARL BARKER HIMSELF...
YOU'RE SURE THAT YOU'VE FIXED IT SO THAT IT WILL RUN ALL RIGHT?
FRIEND, YOU GOT MY PERSONAL HUNDRED PERCENT GUARANTEE!

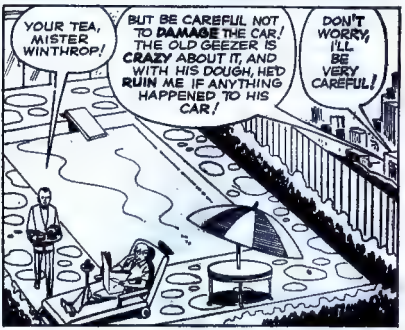

YEAH, THE CAR WILL RUN FINE FOR MAYBE TWENTY MILES, IF HE'S LUCKY! BY THEN HE'LL BE MILES AWAY! AND IF HE COMES BACK, I'LL SWEAR I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE!


AND THEN ONE DAY, A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS AT THE SHOP...
WONDER WHAT THAT GUY WANTS?
WHAT DO YOU CARE WHAT HE WANTS? GET BACK TO WORK! I'M NOT PAYING YOU FOR LOAFING!


BUT BARKER'S CURIOSITY IS ALSO AROUSED... AND A MOMENT LATER... SATISFIED!
I NEED A JOB! I MUST EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO GO HOME! I'M GOOD AT WORKING ON MACHINES!
OKAY, I CAN USE AN EXTRA MAN!

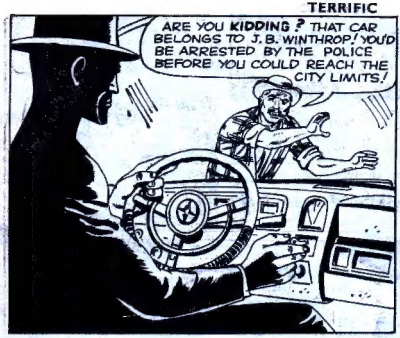

THIS SALOON BELONGS TO J.B. WINTHROP, THE RICHEST GUY IN TOWN! HE WANTS US TO MODIFY IT... TO JAZZ IT UP FOR HIM, SO HE CAN GIVE IT TO HIS TEEN-AGE KID!
VERY WELL...


JUST REMEMBER... THE OLD MAN KNOWS NEXT TO NOTHING ABOUT CARS! SO USE THE CHEAPEST MATERIALS AND DO A QUICK JOB! AND I'LL MAKE WINTHROP PAY THROUGH THE NOSE FOR IT!


YOUR TEA, MISTER WINTHROP!
BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO DAMAGE THE CAR! THE OLD GEEZER IS CRAZY ABOUT IT, AND WITH HIS DOUGH, HE'D RUIN ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIS CAR!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE VERY CAREFUL!

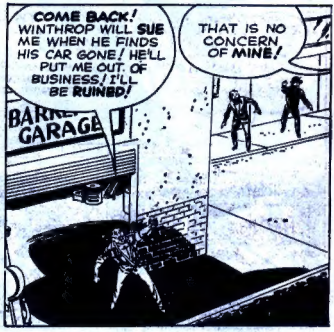
AND WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, I'LL PAY YOU ENOUGH SO THAT YOU CAN GO HOME, WHEREVER THAT IS!
IT IS AGREED!

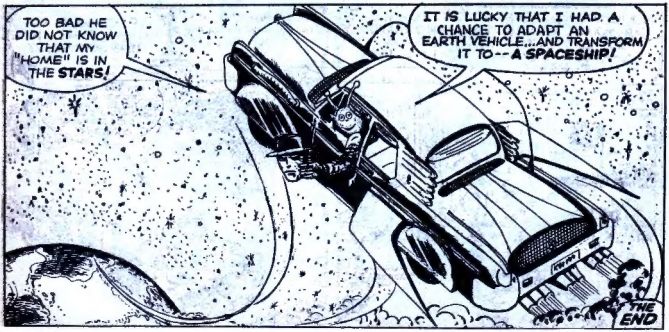
AND SO, THE NEW WORKER BEGINS TO ALTER THE CAR...TO MAKE AN EXPENSIVE MODERN VEHICLE EVEN SLEEKER AND MORE DISTINCTIVE...
THE GUY MAY LOOK WEIRD BUT HE SEEMS TO KNOW HIS STUFF!
TOO BAD HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S DOING IT FOR NOTHING... BUT I'D BE A SUCKER TO PAY A DRIFTER LIKE HIM!
INSTEAD, I'LL JUST FIRE HIM WHEN THE JOB'S FINISHED! IF HE PUTS UP A SQUAWK, I'LL TELL THE POLICE HE STOLE SOME MONEY FROM ME! HE'LL BE THROWN INTO JAIL!
YES SIR, THERE ARE A MILLION TRICKS IN THE WORLD AND CARL BARKER KNOWS 'EM ALL!
AS TIME PASSES, THE UNSUSPECTING STRANGER WORKS DILIGENTLY ON THE CAR UNTIL FINALLY, THE JOB IS COMPLETED!
HEY, NOT BAD! OLD MAN WINTHROP WILL PAY PLENTY FOR IT!
AND NOW, MISTER BARKER...ABOUT THE MONEY FOR ME TO GO HOME...
FORGET IT, PAL! YOU AIN'T GETTING A PENNY! AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU'RE FIRED, AS OF RIGHT NOW!
B-BUT YOU PROMISED ME...
SO I'M A LIAR! SO NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW ENOUGH TO COLLECT YOUR DOUGH IN ADVANCE! SO NOW SCRAM!
YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME! NOW YOU MUST SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? GET OUTTA THAT CAR!
IF YOU WILL NOT PAY ME, I SHALL TAKE THIS AS PAYMENT!


ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT CAR BELONGS TO J. B. WINTHROP! YOU'D BE ARRESTED BY THE POLICE BEFORE YOU COULD REACH THE CITY LIMITS!

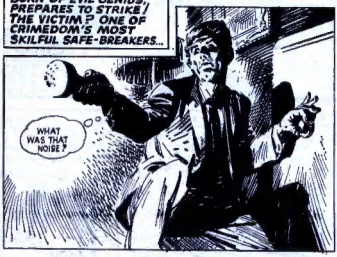
NO! I SHALL NOT BE STOPPED!
HOLY SMOKE! WAIT A MINUTE--!!

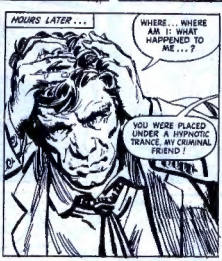
STOP! HOLD ON--!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!


COME BACK! WINTHROP WILL SUE ME WHEN HE FINDS HIS CAR GONE! HE'LL PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS! I'LL BE RUINED!
THAT IS NO CONCERN OF MINE!
GARAGE


TOO BAD HE DID NOT KNOW THAT MY "HOME" IS IN THE STARS!
IT IS LUCKY THAT I HAD A CHANCE TO ADAPT AN EARTH VEHICLE...AND TRANSFORM IT TO--A SPACESHIP!
THE END

IN THE DARKNESS OF A MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION A NIGHTMARE MENACE, BORN OF EVIL GENIUS, PREPARES TO STRIKE! THE VICTIM? ONE OF CRIMEDOM'S MOST SKILFUL SAFE-BREAKERS...





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